

THAT SLIPPERY OLD DOLLAR GOT AWAY

And this Week Rolls Out to the Village of Escambia—
Ollie Padgett the Winner.

Well, that slippery old dollar rolled out of town this time, but, what a time it took, didn't it?

The puzzle army had more fun this week than you "could shake a stick at" as one of them writes.

They called those North American fruits all sorts of names in a "happy go lucky" fashion that was sure enough a "hit or miss."

"Nos. 1, 5 and 9" they called "Citron," "eytron," "sitron" and "sittern."

"No. 3" they called "nuts," "watermelon," "citron," "breadfruit," "grapefruit," "custard apple," "China nuts," "Chinese nuts," "currants" and "currents."

"Nos. 5, 8 and 9" "love apple," "persimmon," "strawberry," "berry" and "blackberry."

The out-of-town posts sent in a big lot of answers, but they nearly all missed "Nos. 3, 5 and 9."

Miss Ola Padgett, of Escambia, Fla., is entitled to the dollar this time, and it will be sent at once to her.

Wonder where that old dollar will roll to next Sunday? No telling.

Answers.

The answers to the "North American Fruits" puzzle pictures in The Journal Sunday, May 20, are:

No. 1—Lemon.
No. 2—Peach.
No. 3—Damson.
No. 4—Orange.
No. 5—Cherry.
No. 6—Grape.
No. 7—Apple.
No. 8—Pear.
No. 9—Apricot.

Correct Answers Received.
Correct answers to the North American Fruit puzzle pictures were received from the following wide-awake boys and girls in the puzzle army:

Eva Berlin, city.
Charlie Brown, city.
Mary Brown, city.
Sadie Bernstein, city.
Astrid Anderson, city.
Judith Maxwell, city.
Bessie Henson, city.
Hazel Jacoby, city.
May Stokes, city.
Clara Stokes, city.
Wesley Woodland, city.
Gladys Bell, city.
Lettie Martin, city.
Clarence Martin, city.
Althea Blumer, city.
Leona Blumer, city.
Lloyd Blumer, city.
Annie Mooney, city.
Tony S. Johnson, city.

Annie R. Pfeiffer, city.
Charles Chuna, city.
Henry S. Collins, city.
John Christie, city.
Nelle Glackmeyer, city.
Walter Gagnet, city.
Bertha Gagnet, city.
Leona Blumer, city.
Mannuel Johnson, city.
Lucy Swaine, city.
Edo Swaine, city.

Millie Swaine, city.
Willie Johnson, city.
Arthur Johnson, city.
Margaret Rauscher, city.
Helena Rauscher, city.
Anita Villar, city.
Fanny S. Beard, city.
John Quigley, city.
C. J. Heinberg, city.
Mary Lucile Lyman, city.
Mary Eloise Moneyway, Milton, Fla.

Ollie Padgett, Escambia, Fla.
Ola Padgett, Escambia, Fla.
Addie Stewart, Bagdad, Fla.
Margaret Rauscher, city.
Sammie Stewart, Bagdad, Fla.
S. E. Stewart, Bagdad, Fla.
Ethel McConnell, Escambia, Fla.
Lily Belle McKinnon, city.
Angus McKinnon, city.
Hugh McKinnon, city.
E. Gale Bonifay, Jr., Muscogee, Fla.

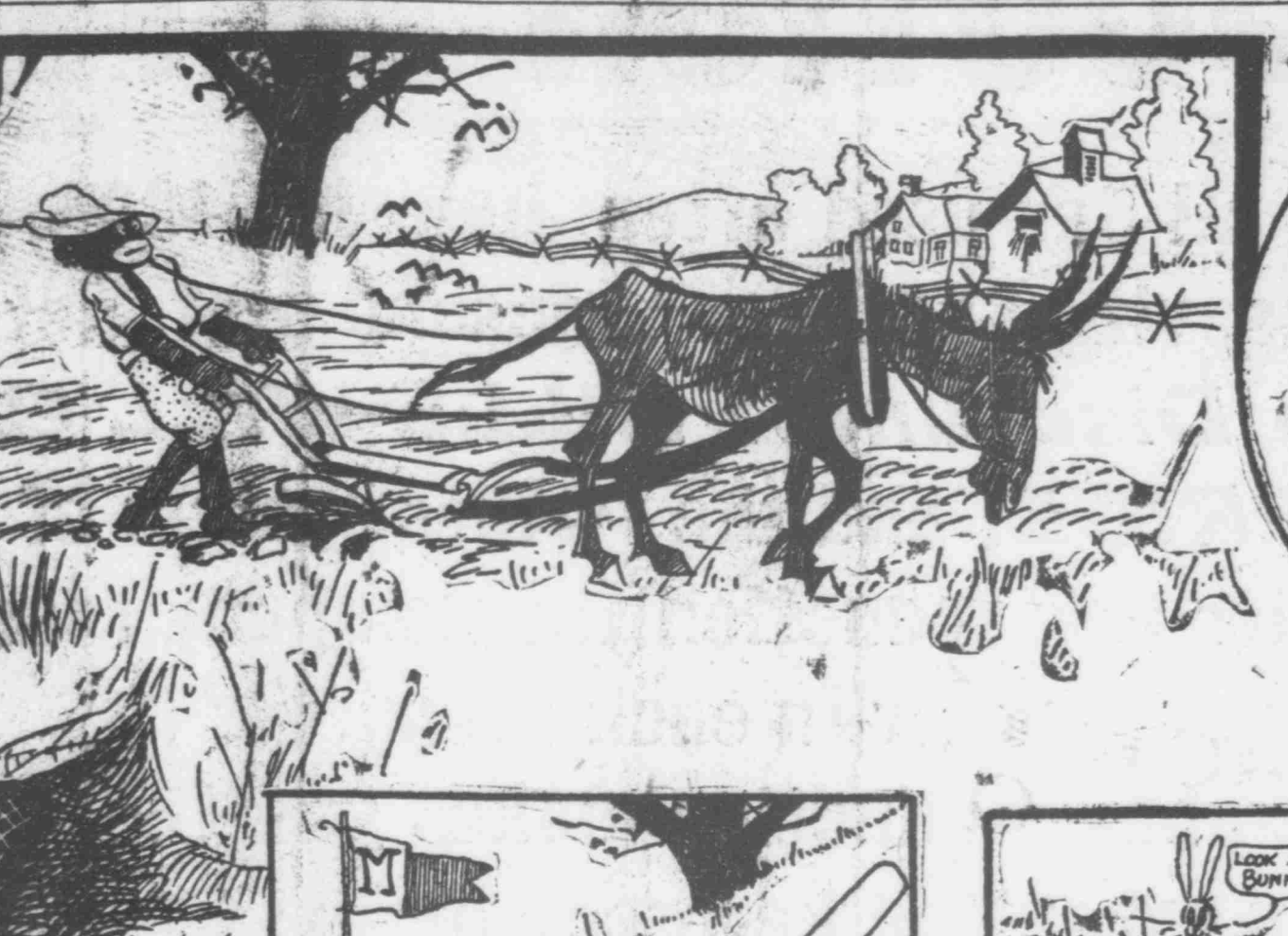
Clifford Reynolds, Camden, Ala.
Grace Gahlenbeck, city.
Marion Karl, Cincinnati, O.
Edwin Packhard, Bowelin (?), Tenn.
Alfred Gahlenbeck, city.
Myrtle Stocking, Dodge Center.
Evelyn Mae Stocking, Dodge Center.
Rosa Fondella, city.
Gale Gahlenbeck, city.
Ted Langston, Chipley, Fla.
Myrtis Langston, Chipley, Fla.

C. Hobart Barrow, city.
Rosa Di Lestro, city.
Mamie Abraham, city.
Sam Abraham, city.
Nell West, city.
Bridget Di Lestro, city.
William Davidson, city.
Eunice Gerson, Fisherville.
Andrew Brown, city.
Anita Girt, city.
Joe Girt, city.

Frank Girt, city.
Carrie Davidson, Warrington.
Tom King, city.
Elizabeth Sigari, city.
Ernest Wilburn, city.
Dennis W. Eagan, city.
Virgie Reed, city.
Alfred Reed, city.
Cora Reed, city.

(Continued on Page Eleven)

IMPLEMENTS USED IN FARMING



TO THE BOY OR GIRL WHOSE NAME IS DRAWN FROM THE CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED AT THIS OFFICE BY NEXT THURSDAY NIGHT, THE JOURNAL WILL GIVE A SILVER DOLLAR.

A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE

By Arthur W. Davis

The sun was descending an unclouded western sky as John Preston took his way towards the beach. He could not shake off the impression his mother's words had made upon him, "John do not go out in your boat to-day. I have a presentiment that something terrible is going to happen."

John was the only child of Frank and Mary Preston, aged about fifteen years. He was generally humorous in all his whims and fancies and usually devoted most of his time to fishing and sailing. On this day, however, his mother had pleaded with him not to go and pointed significantly to a black cloud rising on the Northern horizon.

There is nothing to fear from the weather mother," he had replied, "and it will not take me long to catch a few fish," saying which he walked away in the direction of the bay where his little boat was moored a few yards from the shore.

John stood on the beach admiring the little vessel for several minutes before stepping into the water. She was swaying gently from side to side topping the glossy swells that rolled lazily in from seaward, sportively chasing each other to the pebbly beach, upon which they broke with a musical sound, that was pleasing to the ear.

"She's a beauty," he remarked, as he proceeded to roll up his pants preparatory to wading out to her.

Getting aboard, he hoisted the sail, hauled in the anchor and headed the boat towards a certain point, which he knew to be the best fishing place in the bay.

His boat rode the waves beautifully. Majestically rising and falling to the thrbbing swell, she dashed the seething spray from her symmetrical bows a foam traced path marking her wake.

Speeding onward she cleaved the blue waters like a thing of life, while not a tremor shook the snowy expanse of bellying sail.

Reaching the fishing ground, John pushed over the tiller, and gracefully brought his boat up to the wind. The sail shook restlessly and tugged at the restraining sheet, but quickly loosening the halyards it came down with a run. He then pitched his anchor overboard, clewed up the sail snugly, and prepared his tackle for fishing.

With a master hand he twirled the line in the air, and brought it gently down upon the water several yards from the boat; a nibble at the bait warned the young fisherman to be upon his guard, then like a flash the var-colored float disappeared below the surface; the stout bamboo fishing pole bent over in a graceful bow, and the line cut through the water with a seething sound. Backward and forward, this way and that way rushed the struggling fish, while John held manfully to the quivering pole, and guided the line with experienced hand and commendable judgment; nearer to the boat he drew the now exhausted fish, and with a quick movement landed it in the boat, where it lay flapping its tail helplessly while its beautiful scales glistened in the sun like plates of gold. He afterwards caught several more fish, when they ceased to be tempted by the bait, and John decided to return home. By this time the afternoon was far spent, great black clouds were climbing the northern sky and occasional mutterings of thunder sounded angrily in the distance while the lightning flashed ominously behind the threatening clouds.

John took in his anchor, and secured it snugly on the little forward deck, the sail lazily mounted the swaying mast, creaking reproachfully at each haul, upward rose the peak, but limply hung the sail to the boom. Not a breath of air ruffled the surface of the unbroken water. Making the peak and main halyards fast to the cleats, the youth took the

tiller in his hand, and whistled for a breeze.

The boat, having scarcely any headway, the helm was useless, and John discovered that she was drifting to the eastward, evidently a current; was setting in that direction. From the boat he could see his father's cottage its white-washed walls gleaming brightly through the dark foliaged trees that surrounded it. Extending about a thousand yards in front, the golden sands sparkled in the darkness rays of the setting sun, then merged into a beach of pebbles, upon which the ocean beat in anger or peace according to the caprice of the elements. About half a mile down the beach to the eastward, a line of rock rose tier upon tier until they formed a solid wall or bluff forty feet high, which formed the coast line to the hazy distance, and which was designated as "Rocky Head." A line of smaller rocks protruded their jagged heads from the water at the base of the cliff, upon which the billows broke with an angry roar, and dashing onward again thundered against the high rocks which impeded further progress.

Scarcely moving through the water, John had fallen into a dozing condition; when the harsh cry of a seabird flying overhead startled him into consciousness. The sun was disappearing below the horizon, and night was stealthily creeping over the phosphorous deep. Glancing to the distance while the lightning flashed ominously behind the threatening clouds, John perceived a white foamy streak advancing towards him, his experienced eye told him that a squall was upon him; quickly hauling in the main sheet he brought the boom aboard, then letting go the halyards the sail fell to the deck, and not a moment too soon, for simultaneously with the drop of the boom the squall struck the boat, she heeled over on her beam end but quickly righting herself, she flew before the blast. John endeavored to bring her head around towards home but his

efforts were fruitless, and to add to his discomfort the rudder became unshipped by the force of the seas which broke over her, and she plunged helplessly in the trough of the heaving waters.

With a broken oar which was lying in the bottom of the boat the youth dexterously contrived to keep her before the wind, for well he knew that should she turn broadside on, nothing in the world could save her from going over, and he himself from a watery grave. Although a strong swimmer, John knew that the chances were against him if thrown into the waves that were curling their angry crests around him. Holding the steering oar with one hand he bravely tried to reshuffle the rudder, but the rolling and pitching of the boat made the feat impossible and he was compelled to abandon the attempt; in a few minutes it was torn from its fastenings and floated away astern.

He now realized that the waves which were continually breaking over him were about to overwhelm the little craft, and unless he could discharge some of the water he had taken aboard, she could live but a few minutes longer. He was about to try bailing with his free hand, when he heard the roar and crash of waters ahead of him; peering through the gloom and flying spray he saw towering above him the terrible outlines of "Rocky Head," at this moment a mountainous sea struck the boat, tearing the oar from the boys' hand. Quickly she rounded her broadside to the advancing waters and howling gale, onward swept a dark broken wave, angrily it curled over the helpless boat; a moment she breasted the mighty flood, then over she went. John struggled manfully to keep his head above the water, another monster wave followed closely upon the other, picked him up and flung him bruised and almost unconscious upon one of the lower rocks,

while the boat was dashed to pieces against the solid wall.

John had senses enough remaining to grasp the rock with both hands and after recovering his breath succeeded in crawling to the highest point available, but the towering waves continued to pour over him, bruising his body pitilessly and almost forcing his hold upon the friendly rock. He realized that unless assistance came soon he would be torn from his refuge, as his strength was well nigh exhausted.

Scarcely expecting his cry of distress to be heard, he shouted "Help! Help!" but no reply came to his straining ears. Again he cried but still no answer; slowly his strength was waning, the repeated onslaughts of the mighty billows, threatened each moment to hurl him from the rock; his thoughts became confused, too surely he felt his grasp upon the rock relaxing, another moment, and he would be engulfed in the boiling waves.

Hark! a familiar sound reaches his ears, mingling strangely with the crash of waters. Can it be the sound of his mother's voice calling to him? No, his ears deceive him, or is this but a hideous dream? Yet no, the thunder of an advancing wave warns him of his peril. Again the cry reaches him and he recognizes his mother's voice, "John! Oh! John!" Looking upward through the blinding spray he perceived his mother standing upon the top of the cliff.

side. The heroic woman ignoring the danger, thinking of nothing, seeing nothing but the peril of her boy, had slid down the rope, lacerating her hands in the descent, and now crouched at his side upon the rock.

"My poor boy! are you hurt?" she asked.

"Not much, mother," he replied, "but I am very weak, I was about to slip off the rock when I heard your voice."

The mother shuddered, taking the end of the rope, she passed it around him, beneath his arms.

"Now," she said encouragingly, "you cannot slip off, the rope will hold you. I have made the other end fast to a tree on the cliff; we will call for help, someone may hear us, your father perhaps will pass this way. He sometimes takes the upper path in preference to the lower road, take courage my boy."

God bless you mother," spoke John weakly, "if I had but listened to you, we would not be in this plight, if we get out of this peril safely, your word will be law with me in the future."

Words bravely spoken, but alas, never to be proved; repentance often comes too late and we realize in sorrow the loss we have sustained, when mother's gentle heart has ceased its beating, and her love-lit eyes are closed in death. Together they shouted for help, but no reply, save the echo of their own voices was borne to their ears.

By this time the gale had somewhat abated, but the angry waters still surged around them, occasional breaking over them in foamy showers. The mother again spoke words of encouragement to her son, but her heart misgave her when she realized that she herself was becoming exhausted, and unless assistance quickly came, her benumbed and bleeding hands would be torn from their grasp upon the rock, and the rushing waters sweeping her from her

refuge would engulf her in its dark depths. Breathing a prayer to Him who commanded the waters to be still, she then again cried for help.

Presently from the heights above came an answering voice, "Hello! who is there?"

Mary Preston recognized the voice of her husband.

"Frank pull up the rope if you can, John is nearly drowned. I have tied the rope around him, pull up quickly Frank but be careful."

"But how about yourself, Mary?" asked Mr. Preston, as he grasped the rope.

"Don't mind me now, Frank. I am all right—haul away. Now John," she exclaimed as she perceived the rope tightening, "let go of the rock, you are safe with the rope around you!"

"Mother, I hate to leave you," said the boy weakly.

"I will soon follow you son. Haul away Frank."

Slowly but surely John was borne upwards until his father's strong hands grasped him at the summit of the cliff and he was placed in safety.

"Now Mary," sang out Frank Preston, as he lowered the rope, "look out for the rope!"

After waiting a few minutes, she shouted again, "are you ready Mary?" but no reply ascended from the darkened depths.

"Oh Mary," he again cried, still no answer.

Haastily and fearful he grasped the rope and descended to the rock, but no human form shadowed its dripping surface.

The noble mother had sacrificed her life to save her child. Weakened beyond her endurance in her recent efforts she had been swept from the rock and perished in the moment of victory.